

*Dody Goodman*

MARY HARTMAN,  
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #23

by

JERRY ADELMAN

FINAL DRAFT  
December 30, 1975

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY . . . . .	LOUISE LASSER
TOM . . . . .	GREG MULLAVEY
CHARLIE . . . . .	GRAHAM JARVIS
LORETTA . . . . .	MARY KAY PLACE
SGT. FOLEY . . . . .	BRUCE SOLOMON
BLANCHE . . . . .	REVA ROSE
LEROY . . . . .	NORMAN ALDEN
VASSAR . . . . .	
MERLE . . . . .	

SETS

<u>ACT I</u> (Page 1)	<u>ROADSIDE - FOLLOWING END OF EPISODE #22</u> (Vassar, Loretta, Merle, Charlie)
<u>ACT II</u> (Page 8)	<u>POLICE STATION - SIMULTANEOUS</u> (Foley and Mary)
<u>ACT III</u> (Page 15)	<u>FEDDERS' LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING</u> (Leroy, Blanche)
<u>ACT IV</u> (Page 21)	<u>MARY'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT</u> (Mary, Tom)
<u>ACT V</u> (Page 33)	<u>INT. HAGGER'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS - NIGHT</u> (Charlie and Loretta)

ACT ONEROADSIDE - FOLLOWING END OF EPISODE #22

(VASSAR IS HOLDING LORETTA AT GUN-  
POINT. MERLE IS HOLDING CHARLIE AT  
GUNPOINT. THROUGH THE FOLLOWING,  
LORETTA IS, OF COURSE, TERRIFIED,  
AND CHARLIE IS UTTERLY DESPERATE.  
BUT EACH IS HELPLESS, AS:)

VASSAR

(TO LORETTA) All right, little lady.

Let's you and me stroll over into those  
woods yonder.

VASSAR (CONT'D)

I know you're anxious  
to get on with your trip, so let's get  
this over with and done. You're missing  
the best part of the day for driving.

(TAKES LORETTA'S ARM)

CHARLIE

(LUNGING TOWARD VASSAR) Take your hands  
off her!

MERLE NEATLY POPS CHARLIE ON THE  
NOGGIN WITH HIS GUN. CHARLIE,  
STUNNED, STAGGERS.

MERLE

Sorry about that, but Vassar's my best  
friend, and I can't have you menacing  
him.

LORETTA

(EYES TO HEAVEN) - You shouldn't have made  
me pretty, Lord. That only leads to woe.

VASSAR

(PRICKS UP HIS EARS) What'd you say?  
Say that again?

LORETTA

I said, "You shouldn't have made me  
pretty, Lord. That only leads to woe."  
It's a country-western song.

VASSAR

I know that. It's one of my favorites.  
How come you know that song?

LORETTA

I'm a country western singer.

VASSAR

On the level?

LORETTA

I'm on my way to Nashville to become a  
superstar.

VASSAR

(TO MERLE) How about that? (TO LORETTA)  
You going to talk to all those big shots  
and all in Nashville?

LORETTA

I sure am.

VASSAR

Well, what do you know about that? I  
wrote a song that could get to be number  
one with a bullet if I could just get one  
of those big shots to hear it. Maybe you  
could sing it to 'em for me.

LORETTA

Well, yeah, if it's good. I'm very particular about my material.

VASSAR

Oh, it's good. You want to hear it?

LORETTA

Sure. Go ahead.

VASSAR

(CLEARS HIS THROAT, THEN STARTS TO SING)

"Oh, the pore lit-tul girrul was ranned over..." It's kind of a sad song but with a moral.

LORETTA

They're the best kind.

VASSAR

Okay, I'll start again. "Oh, the pore lit-tul girrul was ranned over..." It sounds better with a guitar.

LORETTA

Wait a minute. (GETS GUITAR OUT OF CAR)

All right, let's try it.

VASSAR

(SINGS TO LORETTA'S STRUMMED ACCOMPANIMENT)

"Oh, the pore lit-til girrul was ranned over  
And she lay there in her bloo-ood.

And she said to her mo-other standing there,  
Let this be understud.

(MORE)

## VASSAR (CONT'D)

"Oh, mother, dear mother, please promise me  
That when you cross the stree-eet,  
You'll look up 'n down so you'll never lay  
Like me with broken feet." Well, what  
do you think? Great, huh? Great? Just  
great? Sure-fire?

LORETTA

I like it.

VASSAR

Then you'll sing it for the big shots?

LORETTA

Sure thing.

VASSAR

There's six more verses. I'll sing 'em  
for you later.

LORETTA

All right.

VASSAR

Well, come on, Merle, don't just stand  
there. We've got to help these fine  
people get their car going. They're  
never gonna get to Nashville with a  
fouled-up radiator.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOPOLICE STATION - SIMULTANEOUS

FOLEY, SOLO, ON DUTY. MOMENT. MARY  
COMES IN.

FOLEY

(BIG SMILE) Hi, Mary.

MARY

(SMILE) Hello, Dennis.

FOLEY

You left one of your shoes at my apartment  
yesterday.

MARY

Yes, I noticed when I got home.

FOLEY

I hope it didn't cause any trouble with  
your husband.

MARY

Well, he asked some embarrassing questions.

FOLEY

Like what?

MARY

"Where's your shoe?"

FOLEY

I'm sorry about that... I would have  
brought the shoe to work with me today if  
I'd known you were coming by.

MARY

I didn't know I was coming by until I got  
this. (GETS DOCUMENT OUT OF HER PURSE)

FOLEY

(CASUAL) Oh, that's just a summons for  
you to appear at Davey Jessop's preliminary  
hearing. He's been captured, you know, and  
you're going to have to testify.

MARY

(TROUBLED) Against him?

FOLEY

Well, sure.

MARY

Oh, dear. I suppose it's my duty as a  
citizen? But poor Davey.

FOLEY

Mary, he's a mass murderer. He murdered  
the entire Lombardi family plus their two  
goats and eight chickens.

MARY

I know, but aside from that, he's such a nice  
boy. I wish there was something I could  
do for him.

FOLEY

You're just too kind-hearted.

MARY

Don't you believe people should help people when  
people are in trouble.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

There's been so much tragedy in our neighborhood. So many people I should really try to do something for. I'd really like to do something for the Lombardis, except that there aren't any Lombardis left to do anything for. (SIGHS)

FOLEY

Let's talk about happier things.

MARY

Think of one. -

FOLEY

Like when are you coming back to my apartment to get your shoe?

MARY

Oh.

FOLEY

I would like to see you again.

MARY

(SO LOOK AT ME) Here I am.

FOLEY

I mean alone.

MARY

Are there other people in the room with us now that I'm not aware of?

FOLEY

No -- I just meant alone in private.

MARY

Well -- I'm a little confused about that.

FOLEY

Why? Wouldn't you like to see me again?

Alone? In private?

MARY

Yes, I would, but that's what's confusing.

You see -- right now, I'm having certain upsetting marital difficulties.

We're not being bugged now, are we?

FOLEY

No.

MARY

I just thought, this being a police ...

I don't think I should see you while

I'm having marital difficulties because

the difficulties are upsetting me

emotionally. And I read an article in

the National Enquirer that said people

with emotional difficulties should not

start new personal relationships.

FOLEY

Why not?

MARY

Because it's unfair to all parties involved in the relationship.

FOLEY

I'm not sure I agree with that.

MARY

(YOU HAVE TO AGREE WITH THAT BECAUSE:)

The article was written by an expert.

FOLEY

How do you know he's an expert?

MARY

Oh, I'm sure the magazine wouldn't have  
printed the article otherwise.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

I mean, do you think I'm going to read an article about human relationships by ... by a butcher?

FOLEY

Right. Or a used car salesman.

MARY

Right. (RECONSIDERS) Well, you see, a used car salesman could be an expert in human relationships. He sells cars to people. He works with people. Butchers work with meat. The people are there -- but the butcher is more concerned actually in the meat itself -- which is actually a lucky thing for us. Because of disease. Cars do not carry disease.

FOLEY

(INTERRUPTS) Let's get back to what you were saying about our relationship, okay?

MARY

All right. Where was I?

FOLEY

Having marital difficulties.

MARY

Oh. Yes. But when my marital difficulties are straightened out, I'll be all right emotionally. And the article said that then it would be all right to get into new relationships because then I'll be all right emotionally and I'll be able to handle new relationships and make a contribution to them ... of course you do have my shoe.

FOLEY -

You mean it'll be all right for you to see me after you and your husband get your problem solved?

MARY

Yes. Except for one thing.

FOLEY

What?

MARY

It would be a mistake.

FOLEY

Why?

MARY

Because that would lead to another emotional upset and that would make it wrong for me to enter into a new personal relationship. Because I'd be emotionally upset.

FOLEY

(TRYING TO SORT THIS OUT) So you can't see me when you're emotionally upset, and you can't see me when you're not emotionally upset. Is that right?

MARY

Yes.

FOLEY

So what it comes down to is that you don't want to see me again, ever.

MARY

Oh, no. I do want to see you again. It's just that, well, you see there are certain difficulties.

MARY (CONT'D)

I want to live properly and do the right things. But all these emotions and relationships that experts write about are very confusing. Life would really be much simpler without them.

FOLEY

Without emotions and relationships?

MARY

No, without experts... (READY TO LEAVE)

Well, thank you for explaining (INDICATES SUMMONS) this to me.

FOLEY

Glad to be of help any time.

MARY

Well, goodbye.

FOLEY

Goodbye, Mary.

MARY STARTS TO LEAVE, BUT:

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Mary...

MARY

What?

FOLEY

When are you coming over for your shoe?

ON MARY AS SHE BEGINS TO REALIZE  
THAT NOTHING HAS REALLY BEEN RESOLVED.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREEFEDDERS' LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

LEROY IS AT THE DESK, DIAGRAMMING  
BASKETBALL PLAYS. BLANCHE IS DIAL-  
ING A TELEPHONE NUMBER. SHE WAITS,  
WAITS. NO ANSWER. HANGS UP)

BLANCHE

No answer. I'll call her later.

LEROY

Who? What were you calling her about?

BLANCHE

She's going to be a witness at that teen-aged mass-murderer's preliminary hearing, and I've got to tell her some important things to say about sex and all that filth that's destroying the youth of America.

LEROY

At the preliminary hearing?

BLANCHE

I've got to sow my seeds wherever they may take root.

(MORE)

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

Well, I'll call her later. I've got to get my picket signs ready for the protest march tomorrow.

LEROY

What're you protesting tomorrow?

BLANCHE

Sex education in our schools. All the DIRTY women are going to march.

LEROY

All the dirty women? (SHE SHOWS HIM PICKET SIGN:) D.I.R.T.Y. Don't Instill Randy Thoughts in the Young.

LEROY (CONT'D)

Something tells me some of my boys  
are breaking my rule against having  
intercourse during basketball season.

PAUSE AS HE WORKS ON HIS PLANS AND  
SHE WORKS ON HER SIGNS.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

BLANCHE

(TO PHONE) Hello... Jenny, where are  
you?... Jenny, I'm your mother: I have  
a right to know where you are. It's bad  
enough that you're a runaway hippie  
without my having to worry about what  
you're doing... Jenny, how could you do  
this to me?

LEROY

(WHO HAS BEEN LISTENING, NOW STICKS IN  
HIS TWO CENTS WORTH) And to me.

BLANCHE

(IGNORING LEROY; TO PHONE) Don't tell  
me you want to lead your own life! What  
do you know about leading a life? If you  
knew anything about leading a life, you  
never would have run away. We always  
loved you, Jenny. You had a good home.  
We did everything we could for you. We  
gave you the strongest moral guidance any  
girl could ask for... Stifling you???

(MORE)

## BLANCHE (CONT'D)

How can you say that? (IS HUNG UP ON.  
HANGS UP) How could this awful thing  
have happened to me?

## LEROY

Don't you think I feel bad about it, too?  
How do you suppose it makes me feel when  
I talk to the Rotary Club about handling  
today's kids? It destroys my credibility.

## BLANCHE

(IGNORING HIS FEELINGS) Oh, how I  
worked and slaved for that child.  
Children might ~~be~~ be a little more grateful  
if they knew what a woman has to go  
through to have a child. And that's to  
say nothing of the horror a woman has  
to go through just to become pregnant.

FADE OUT.

ACT FOURMARY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

THE KITCHEN CLOCK SHOWS THAT IT IS  
ONE MINUTE BEFORE SEVEN. ANGLE  
NOW ON MARY:

MARY

I never wanted this marriage from the  
start. It was wrong. It is wrong.  
You can have Heather -- she'll get over  
it. (BEAT) No, that's no good --  
he'll believe me.

ANOTHER ANGLE SHOWS THAT MARY IS  
ALONE AND MERELY REHEARSING.

MARY (CONT'D)

(ANOTHER RUN-THROUGH) I've always wanted  
this marriage -- from the start. It  
was right. It is right. We're a  
wonderful family and no matter what happens,  
I get Heather. (BEAT) Better. Less  
true -- but better. (SHE GLANCES AT  
THE CLOCK) All right, it's seven  
o'clock. You said you wanted to talk  
about our problem. All right, go ahead, talk.

THE CLOCK HITS SEVEN AND TOM COMES  
BUSTING IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR,  
CARRYING HIS LUNCHBOX. HE'S LOADED  
FOR BEAR)

TOM

(ENTERING) All right, you said you wanted  
to talk. Go ahead, talk.

MARY

I thought you wanted to talk.

TOM

You said you wanted to talk.

MARY

You go first.

TOM

Ladies first.

FROM HERE ON IN, THINGS GET IN-  
CREASINGLY LOUDER, NERVES ARE  
INCREASINGLY FRAYED, AND LOGIC  
IS INCREASINGLY TORTURED.

MARY

All right, all right, all right. It's  
been eight weeks since you made love to  
me. I want to know why. I mean, Tom, it's  
been eight weeks.

TOM

(INTERRUPTS) Mary, don't keep score.  
This isn't a football game.

MARY

You said you wanted me to talk.

TOM

Yes, but...

MARY

Then don't interrupt me.

TOM

All right, go ahead. What do you want  
to say?

MARY

I want to say that I want to know why you haven't made love to me for eight weeks and three days. I'm trying to be as adult about this as I know how. Is it really that you're not in the mood or do you find me repulsive? Don't you love me?

TOM

Don't be ridiculous. Of course I love you.

MARY

Then why haven't you made love to me? Why?

TOM

I don't know. There's just something in this house.

MARY

What do you mean -- an odor?

TOM

No -- that's not what I'm talking about.

MARY

Then what are you talking about?

TOM

A pressure. There's a pressure in this house.

MARY

What kind of a pressure?

TOM

A pressure.

MARY

All right, so there's a pressure. But  
that's now. What about then?

TOM

When?

MARY

Eight weeks ago. There  
couldn't have been any pressure then.

TOM

Maybe there was. Maybe that's when you started to talk about it. Maybe that's when the pressure started to build.

MARY

Why are we talking about pressure? I thought you wanted to talk about our problem.

TOM

That is the problem.

MARY

For you maybe. Not for me. I love you. I love you right now the way I loved you from the very beginning. I love the way you walk, I love the way you smile, I love you, Tom, and I don't necessarily mean only for sex -- I mean for love -- for you to hold me and comfort me and make me feel safe. Oh, Tom, I miss you so much. I love you. Maybe the honest truth is that you don't love me.

TOM

I love you, I love you, I love you!  
Can't you get that through your head???

MARY

Then why don't you want to make love to me?

TOM

What's that got to do with anything?  
You want to know if I love you? All  
right, I'm standing right here, right  
in front of you, and I'm telling you  
I love you. Just as much as you love  
me. If you love me.

MARY

What do you mean, "if I love you"?  
I do love you.

TOM

Okay, okay. And I'm saying I love you.

MARY

Then why don't you show me. You tell me -- but  
I don't see it ... I don't feel it.

TOM

Mary, is going to bed the only  
demonstration? Why don't you take a  
look at what happens in this house  
every day. Every single day. I have  
my breakfast, I put on my cap, I take  
my lunchbox, I kiss you goodbye, and  
I go to work. Every single day.

MARY

(QUICKLY) Well, except Saturday and Sunday.

TOM

There you go, keeping score again.

MARY

I'm sorry. I don't really know ... what are  
you talking about ... I don't understand what  
that has to do with --

TOM

(INTERRUPTING)

All right, but the thing is: what do

I do every single night?

MARY

I feel you avoid me.

TOM

That's not what I meant.

MARY

I thought that's what we were talking  
about.

TOM

What I'm talking about is where do I go  
every single night after work? Do I go  
to another house? Do you realize that  
there are over forty-two thousand other  
houses in this town? Do I go to any of  
them?

MARY

That's not the point.

TOM

Mary, do I go to any one of them?

MARY

Yes! You did once.

TOM

That's unfair.

MARY

Was it fair of you to go to that other  
house that night? She's an awfully tall person, Tom.

TOM

Let's get back to the point. Which is  
that going to bed isn't the only way to  
prove love.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

The point is that I prove my love every single day by giving you my whole life.

MARY

I give you my whole life, and I still want you in bed.

TOM THROWS UP HIS HANDS AND PACES  
A FEW AGITATED STEPS AWAY.

MARY (CONT'D)

Tom -- I love you and you're still not telling me what's wrong.

TOM STOPS PACING.

TOM

Mary, if you love me, how can you keep putting me through all this hell!!

MARY

(STUNNED) What are you talking about?

TOM

I'm talking about if you loved me,  
how could you drive me crazy like this?  
But that's it, isn't it? You don't  
love me!

MARY

Wha...??

TOM

You don't love me, Mary.

MARY

Tom, please, I do. You're twisting everything!

TOM

Then why aren't I happy? If you love me, why?

MARY

Tom -- do you think I'm happy? How do you think all this has made me feel? I want to die.

TOM

Well -- so do I!

MARY

Tom -- please don't want to die. I want you to be happy. I love you.

TOM

And I love you, too, dammit!

MARY

Then what's the problem?

TOM

I don't know what it is. All I know is that I'm not going to accept that this is just my problem.

MARY

But it is your problem. Unless you tell me what's wrong with me, it's your problem.

TOM

No, it's not!

MARY

Yes, it is!! No, it's not. You're right --  
it's gotta be my fault, too. But I  
swear, Tom, I don't know what I am doing  
wrong ... Okay, what's wrong with us?

TOM

All right, you want to know what's wrong with you? This is what's wrong with you.

MARY

What?

TOM

Yelling at me like that. Threatening me like that.

MARY

I'm not threatening you. -

TOM

Oh, yes, you are, Mary. The way you're talking, our marriage is ready to bust up, and that's a threat. You've never yelled the way you've been yelling right here tonight and that's a threat.

MARY

Tom, you're driving me crazy!  
You think I'm too aggressive -- is that it?

TOM

Yes -- you're too aggressive and you're too passive.

MARY

Now?

TOM

Always.

MARY

Tom, we've been standing here for  
what? (LOOKS AT CLOCK) two minutes  
and forty seconds and we're going in  
circles. I only asked you plain and  
simple what's wrong with us -- why you  
don't want to make love any more?

---

TOM

How can a man make love to a woman in a  
situation like this??

MARY

I'm not talking about now! I'm talking  
about eight weeks ago!  
Tom, it's humiliating to have to keep  
bringing up how you don't want me --  
what did I do?

TOM

How can you talk about eight weeks ago  
when here we are now???

MARY

Where ~~are~~ we now?  
You're twisting words again! The only  
reason I mentioned eight weeks and  
three days is because that's how long  
I've been waiting! Patiently!!!  
Tom, I can't take this -- this is like  
a nightmare!

TOM

Look at you. Look at you. Your arms  
are waving. Your voice is screeching.  
Your eyes are out like this. And you  
say make love to that?? You want me to  
make love to that??

MARY

Oh, so that's it. Now I'm a "that".  
What about eight weeks ago, Tom?

TOM

I didn't say that.

MARY

Yes, you did. You said, "I don't want to make love to that."

TOM

But that's not all I said.

MARY

But you ended up calling me a "that"! A "that"! I can't believe it!

TOM

That's because that's what you're behaving like. A that.

MARY

Now maybe. But what about eight weeks ago?

TOM

What about eight weeks ago? I'll tell you what about eight weeks ago. If you can be like you are now, you must have been a little bit like that then, and I don't want to make love to even a little bit of that.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

And that's the truth. That's it, Mary. That's it. You must have been a little bit like that eight weeks ago and that's where the trouble started. It's logical. Just think about it. If you're here now, you must have been over there then. Right? Okay. In order to get here now, you had to be there then. I don't want to make love to that now and I didn't want to make love to even a little bit of it then. That's why!

MARY

Are you through?

TOM

Yes.

MARY

Good. Because so am I. And so are we.

TOM

What do you mean?

MARY

I mean it's over, Tom. I've been rejected and humiliated for the last time. How much do you think a person can take? Well, this person can't take any more!

(SHE TURNS AWAY)

HE GRABS HER BY HER TWO BRAIDS AS IF TO FORCE HER TO PAY ATTENTION. HE IS STARING AT HER FACE. THERE IS A BEAT)

MARY

That's the first time you've touched me  
in eight weeks and three days.

A LONG BEAT. HE KISSES HER WITH MUCH EMOTION. SHE RETURNS THE KISS WITH MUCH EMOTION. THIS IS THE MOST PASSIONATE EMBRACE IN WHICH WE HAVE EVER SEEN THEM. THIS IS THE REAL THING, FOLK. HE PICKS HER UP AND EXITS WITH HER TO THE LIVING ROOM.

FADE OUT.

ACT FIVEINT. HAGGERS CAR - SIMULTANEOUS (NIGHT)

CHARLIE DRIVING, LORETTA PASSENGER.  
OCCASIONAL LIGHTS FROM CARS PASSING  
IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

CHARLIE

You all right, Honey?

LORETTA

I'm just peachy fine, Baby Boy.

CHARLIE

You sure you want to drive all night?

LORETTA

We got to make up for all that time we  
lost. Lord, here it is nighttime, and  
we're just a couple of bitty miles  
outside of Fernwood.

CHARLIE

Wouldn't you like to stop at a motel?

LORETTA

If anybody ever told me I'd say no to  
going to a motel with you, I'd have told  
them they were crazy as a two-headed  
loony bird. (PECKS HIM A LITTLE KISS)

(MORE)

LORETTA (CONT'D)

But we've just got to control ourselves and think about my career. We'll have plenty of time for motels after we sign our million dollar contracts in Nashville.

(SHE MOVES OVER AND LOVINGLY PUTS HER LEFT ARM THROUGH HIS RIGHT) It is nice to think about being in a motel with you, though. It makes me feel all goodle-e-gook and scootchy. It's almost as good as being in a motel.

CHARLIE

(SMILES) Almost but not quite. Like they say, there is no substitute for the re-al thing.

LORETTA GIGGLES AND SQUEEZES HIS ARM.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Watch it, honey, or you'll have us landing in a ditch.

THEY DRIVE ALONG IN SILENCE FOR A WHILE.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Are you really gonna try to sell that guy's song for him when we get to Nashville?

LORETTA

Sure.

CHARLIE

After what he had in mind to do to you?

LORETTA

Charlie, it's a great song. The man's an artist. And artists aren't like other people. We think different.

CHARLIE

I don't like what he was thinking. I'm no artist but I got sensitive feelings, too, and just recalling what he almost did to you makes me feel like throwing up all over this steering wheel.

LORETTA

(COMFORTING HIM) Baby Boy, just think of it as an experience. We artists have to have experiences. That's how we get our inspiration. I've been working in the back of my head on a song about that experience. I've got the first few lines already. "My love can have my body. I'm glad he finds it fun. But no one else can touch it Unless they've got a gun".

CHARLIE

(THINKS IT OVER CRITICALLY BEFORE:) I like it. It's got a nice beat.

THEY DRIVE ALONG IN SILENCE FOR A WHILE.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Honey, you sure you're not tired?

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Maybe you ought to crawl in the back seat and catch a little shut-eye. I mean you being pregnant and all.

LORETTA

Stop babying me, Baby Boy. Save that for the baby.

CHARLIE

I swear, Loretta, you are an artist. You even talk in poetry... You sure you wouldn't like to take a little nap?

LORETTA

Well, not in the back seat. That's too far away from you. (PECKS HIM A LITTLE KISS) But maybe I'll just close my eyes for a bitty while.

SHE SNUGGLES UP, PUTS HER HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER, CLOSES HER EYES. HE SMILES WITH PLEASURE. THEY DRIVE ALONG FOR A WHILE, ALL QUIET AND LOVEY. THEN, AS HE IS TURNING THE WHEEL TO ACCOMMODATE TO A CURVE IN THE ROAD, ONCOMING HEADLIGHTS FLASH SQUARE IN HIS EYES. HE JERKS THE WHEEL TO THE RIGHT -- BUT TOO LATE. THERE IS A SQUEAL OF BRAKES, A SCREAM, AND THE SCREEN GOES TO BLACK.

FADE OUT.